



*"Sir if you was not my Officer
I would extinguish you."*

Published Dec^r 1st 1800.



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BY CHRISTOPHER GRIN, ESQ.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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The art of Punning by Rule.

"BY rule?" Yes—thus: A man says, "Mr. Locke was a great *metaphysician*." "Oh Lord!" say you, "that's nothing at all; I *met* a *physician* myself, yesterday." The next rule is to lay a trap for a pun, by a previous question. Say, "do you think the dinner is ready?" "I really don't know," says one of the company, "I am going to *see*." "Oh, to *sea*, are you, I wish you a *good voyage*." Or thus say you: "What do you think of this business of the Empress and the Turks?" "Think!" says one, "why that the Empress will play the very devil with them: Why, sir, in another twelve-month there will be *no Turkys* in Europe." "Upon my word," say you, "I am sorry for that: it is a very charming dish, especially with a pudding in its belly." Thus, when you have learned to pun with facility, you may do what you please.—One says, "Come, pun away." "*Away!*" say you, "I had better pun *here*, had I not?" "Igad," says another, "he is in for it, *stop* him who *can*." "Nay," say you, "what should they *stop* me for? I have *stole nothing*." Well, upon my word," says the first, "that is *beyond* every thing." "Oh," say you, "if that be the case, you know I can *go no farther*." So much for punning.

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List of Blockheads. An Oriental Tale.

Some merchants went to a king, and exhibited several horses; the king liked them very much, and bought them: He gave the merchants two lacks of rupees over and above the purchase, and told them to bring more horses from their own country. The merchants took their leave: The king being one day exhilarated with wine, said to the visier, "Make a list of all the blockheads in my dominions." He represented that he had already done so, and had put his majesty at the head of them. The king asked why: He replied, "Because you gave two lacks of rupees for horses, to be brought by merchants for whom no person is security; neither does any one know to what country they belong; and this is a sign of stupidity."—The king said, "But if they should bring the horses, what is then to be done?" He answered, "If they should bring them, I should then erase your majesty's name from the list of blockheads, and put the merchants' in its stead."

A new way to try a Lover.

A woman was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? my sister is much handsomer than me; she is coming after me, go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face: being greatly displeased, he went away to the first woman, and said, "Why do you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth; for if you were in love with me, why did you go after another woman?" The man was confounded.

The

The honest Thief.

One stole divers sheep out of Mr. Sutterton's ground, near Norwich, bargained with a stranger upon the road, delivered them that evening at the place appointed, and received his money. But the honest thief takes them all that night out of the pasture, and before morning lodged them again in the first fold at Mr. Sutterton's.

You are a Jew.

"You are a Jew," said one man to another;—"When I bought this pig of you, it was to be a guinea, and now you demand five and twenty shillings, which is *more* than you asked." "For that very reason," replied the other, "I am *no Jew*, for a Jew always takes *less* than he asks."

Epigram.

One day, when in preaching, a text-spinning spark,
The whole length of his body reach'd over the clerk,
And stretching his neck like a game cock in fighting

Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheating, & biting,
Moses turn'd up his head, and said, "Sir while
you're preaching,
Amongst all other crimes you forget *over-reaching*."

General Otway.

This brave officer, who had been many years in the army with the rank of Colonel, was advised to present a petition to the king, stating his age, service, and circumstances. This he long objected to, but at last consented to, and applied to the chaplain of the regiment to write it. The divine concluded with the usual words "and your petitioner will ever *pray*;" but to this the Colonel

strongly objected, remarking, that " it would have been proper for a parson, but was very improper for a soldier : I insist, let common forms be what they will, that you erase the word, and insert, and your petitioner will ever *fight*." It was presented, and he had the first vacant regiment.

The True Believer.

In the year 1715, when Dr. Halley's calculation of the great solar eclipse was a general subject of conversation, a Turkish Envoy, who happened to be in London, said he was certain the prediction must be fallacious, for God never revealed such things to any but true believers. The eclipse appeared at the moment it had been calculated: and Lord Forfer asked the Turk what he thought then. " That they must have their intelligence from the devil, for God Almighty would hold no correspondence with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers." was the Turk's reply.

The Generous Host.

The cardinal of Est one day invited the cardinal of Redices to dinner. In the course of the evening, the latter, who was very fond of cards, prevailed on his host to introduce them. After playing several games with equal success, they were at length urged on, by the spirit of the game, to a bet of ten thousand crowns. The cardinal of Est, having looked at his hand, mixed his cards with the rest of the pack, thereby tacitly admitting he had lost.

A gentleman present, who had seen the cardinal's cards, and knew he must have won, had he played

played them, took an opportunity of interrupting him on this strange conduct.

"I knew very well," answered Cardinal Est, "that I must have won; but I was betrayed into the bet by my passion for play; and, on consideration, I did not think I ought to invite my friend to my house to strip him of his money!"

Jonas Hanway.

The justly famous Jonas Hanway, who was remarkable for his *sparse* and *meagre* habit, meeting a drunken man, who seemed inclined to take up the whole of the way, made a full stop, saying, "My friend, I think you have drank a little *too much*." "And I," says the drunken man, "think you have eat a little *too little*."

Lee in Bedlam.

When Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to see him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to shew him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison—Lee moralising philosophically enough all the time, to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended together to the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from this perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm—"Let us immortalize ourselves," he exclaimed, "let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly, "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can *jump up again*." The madman struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which
he

he himself had proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality !

Catherine Hall.

An old lady, meeting a Cambridge man, asked him, " How her nephew behaved himself ? Truly, Madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall* (A College.) I vow, said she, I feared as much ; he was always hankering after the wenches from a boy.

Swimming in the Head.

An Irish fellow, in a bad state of health, applying at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told the physician who examined him, That he had water in his head. " I suppose," said the doctor, " you have a *swimming* there." Why, ay, my dear honey, replied Teague, so I have ; but how could that be, if there was no *water* there ?

A Smart Reply.

A prior having guests to dinner, caused his servants to mingle water with the wine, that it might stretch the farther ; and perceiving one of the monks to be very talkative, said unto him : " Brother when will your mill leave clacking ? " " It cannot leave, sir," quoth the monk, " as long as you give it so much *water*."

The Motto to Ramessa Priory.

In the priory of Ramessa there dwelt a prior that was very liberal, who caused these verses to be written over his door :

" Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest, or to poor."

But after his death, there succeeded him another, whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covet-

ous

ous as the other was bountiful and liberal, who kept the same verses there still, changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run after this manner:

“ Be open evermore; O thou my door
To none, be shut to honest, or to poor.”

Afterwards being driven from thence for his extreme rigidity, it grew into a proverb, that for *one point* Raynhard lost his priory.

A Humorous Deception.

A countryman being in London, a friend of his there, undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable and deserved observation. One day he told him that he would shew him Bedlam: it was accordingly agreed on; but instead of that, he took him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him, that was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then, that the house was breaking up; and the door being presently opened, the countryman, to his great astonishment, saw several of the members hastening towards it; on that, he immediately took to his heels, and ran as it were for his life: when, being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast: “ Oh!” cried he, “ for the Lord’s sake don’t stop me; yonder’s Bedlam open, and all the madmen are loose, and coming out.”

The Surgeon and Satirist.

An Epigram.

Jack often boasts his healing art,
And shakes his head at Will.
Will cries aloud, I probe the heart,
Who shews the greater skill?

But

But should both Jack and Will succeed,
Which neither can insure,
Their woeful patients first must bleed,
Or not expect a cure.

A Literary Ignoramus.

Romulus Paradisus wrote a book, which, as usual, he submitted to the inspector of the press: this sapient gentleman struck out with his pen the name "*Paradisus*," observing, that this word must by no means appear in the book, on penalty of its being inserted among the rejected and forbidden publications. In the place of this word, the inspector made with his pen three points, thus The author could hardly contain himself, but went his way. When his book was published, and dispersed among his friends, with the three points instead of *Paradisus*, one of them meeting him, said, "my dear *Paradisus*, I congratulate you on your book." "Hush," said the other, "give me not this name, unless you wish my book to be reckoned among those which are profane and forbidden." "What, then, am I to call you?" replied his friend. "I am," said he, "*Romulus*, with three points, which name the inspector of the press has given me instead of that which I had before."

An Accompaniment for the Bass Viol.

Mrs. W. (mother of the celebrated Billington) being one day rather indisposed from a cold, her husband coming into the parlour where she was practising a new air for Vauxhall, observing a *bottle of physic* upon the table, untouched, which she said she had taken, flung it at her head with great fury. A gentleman in the neighbourhood was mentioning the

the cruelty of the circumstance some short time afterwards to a friend; who very drily observed, "He could not see any great impropriety in the affair; Mrs. W. was singing, "you say," and Mr. W. only accompanied her with the *bass viol*."

Mumbo Jumbo.

Mr. Park in his Travels through Africa, says that he saw, near one of their villages, "a sort of masquerade habit hanging upon a tree, made of the bark of trees, which he was told belonged to *Mumbo Jumbo*. This is a strange bug-bear, common in all the Mandingo towns, and employed by the Pagan natives in keeping the women in subjection; for as they are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain; and it often happens that the ladies disagree among themselves: family quarrels sometimes arrive at such a height, that the voice of the husband is disregarded in the tumult. Then the interposition of *Mumbo Jumbo* is invoked, and is always decisive. This strange minister of justice, this sovereign arbiter of domestic strife, disguised in his masquerade attire, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming by loud and dismal screams in the adjacent woods. He begins, as soon as it is dark, to enter the town, and proceeds to a place where all the inhabitants are assembled to meet him. The appearance of *Mumbo Jumbo*, it may be supposed, is displeasing to the African ladies, but they do not refuse to appear when summoned; and the ceremony commences with dancing and singing, which continues till midnight, when *Mumbo* seizes on the offender. The unfortunate victim being stripped naked, is tied to a post, and severely scourged with *Mumbo's* rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the whole assembly;

ably; and it is remarkable, that the rest of the women are very clamorous and outrageous, in their abuse of their unfortunate sister, until day-light puts an end to this disgusting revelry."

Epigram.

When I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*,
Not as printed by Baskett, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers;
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to steal;
But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the case,
He had unchain'd it, for fear it should fly in his face!

Curious Epitaph.

London bred me, Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me, my sister wed me,
Study taught me, living sought me,
Learning brought me, Kendal caught me,
Labour press'd me, sickness distress'd me,
Death oppress'd me, the grave possess'd me,
God first gave me, Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and heav'n would have me.

Arabian Anecdote.

A person was found in the streets carrying an empty wine jar. The officer of police commanded him to receive the number of stripes settled by the law to be inflicted on a drunkard. "What is my fault?" said the man. "Thou hast with thee," replied the officer, "the instrument of intoxication." "True," rejoined the culprit, "and I have likewise about me the instrument of adultery; I inflict upon me also the punishment for that crime." The officer laughed, and let the man go.

the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered, with great gallantry, " Madam, I thought so yesterday."

Angel's Face.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night;

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

JOHN swallowed first a moderate sup;
But JOAN was not like JOHN;
For when *her* lips *once* touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And, therefore—drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain
He got a DEVIL pourtray'd.

JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,
Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

Loy. Jest.

B

JOHN

JOHN stair'd with wonder petrify'd,
 His hair stood on his pate;
 And, "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
 "At this enormous rate?"——

"JOHN," she said, "am I to blame?
 I can't in conscience stop;
 For then 'twould be a burning shame,
 To leave the DEVIL—a drop.

Appendix to the Life of Jack the Giant-Killer.

When that distinguished duellist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king: prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the king with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

How do you do?

At the assize of Caernarvon, where Judge Barrington presided, a simple Welchman was tried for some petty offence. The judge, in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied in his shire manner, "My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!" "Eh," says the judge, not hearing him distinctly, "How do you my friend?" "Pretty well, I thank your lordship, I hope you are well," replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted for a quarter of an hour.

hour. His lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.

Chatterton the Poet.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare.—The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "You are in tears Mr. Chatterton." "Yes sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of yours compels me to shed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration!"

The White Mice.

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that oeconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning,

morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and, after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would pay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death bed, which the doctor very generously sent him.

Comedy.

Mr. R——s, a dramatic author, on presenting a comedy to one of the theatres, assured the manager, that it was a production by no means to be laughed at.

A Hog

A Hog the only Gentleman.

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c.—“Every thing, massa, *work* in this country, *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath] *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *hog*! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the *hog* be the only *gentleman* in England.”

Ale by the Pound.

A judge was once interrogating a poor ignorant public-house keeper, who lived near the village pound. — “Well, my friend,” said he, “and so you live by the pound.” “Yes, my lord.” — “Why then you sell ale by the *pound*?” “Why, my lord, I do, and I do not, as a body may say.” “You do and you do not! How do you mean? let us hear;—first, how do you do?” “Pretty well, I thank you, my lord,” said he, smiling, “how do you do?”

Epigram.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaist'ring deary's head;
Who sigh'd, but dare not shake it!—
’Tis well Tom's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it.

A Detection.

A clever young fellow being at dinner at a friend's house, and observing one of the company
slily.

slily pocket a table spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the side-board, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket; and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole."

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed that the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, so was asking if the fish could give any information concerning his body, to which it replied, it knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these *three weeks*."

A Pillory Conversation.

An English and a French gentleman had a dispute which nation most excelled in wit. The English gentleman insisted that it was common here among the very mob; and, to convince the other of the English superiority, he carried him to Charing-cross, where a man stood in the pillory for keeping a disorderly house. The populace looking on it as an inconsiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill-treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillory, sometimes higher, and then let it lower again, just to suit himself.

Upon

Upon which, one of the spectators, who stood there with a load upon his head, seeing the offender so dexterous, said, "It is my opinion this fellow has served his time to the pillory, he is so handy about it." To which a droll rogue in a leather apron replied, "Served his time to it! You may be sure he has; do you not see that he has set up for himself?" "Set up!" said another, "how can that be set up, when he stands?" "Why you foolish dog," rejoined he who spoke second, "do you not know it is a standing business?" And now a fellow in a woollen cap calls out to the man in the pillory, "Harkee, cocky," said he, "had you not rather the jokes should fly about than the rotten eggs?" "Aye, sure, master," replies the man, "though it was on account of some sort of jokes I got my head into this hole." At this time a barrow woman added one more to the assembly; when a porter accosts her with, "Well, Moll, what brought you here?" To which she returned, "Curiosity, and my legs, Jack; now I hope the fool's answered." "Fool!" says the fellow, "what do you mean by that, you slut?" "Why," rejoined she, "you must be a fool because you can neither read nor write." "Very true," answered the porter, "but I can set my mark;" and immediately striking her in the face, gave her a black eye: this brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when the Frenchman, seeing the English fight like bull-dogs, said, "The English shine in war as well as wit."

A Pot I carry.

There was a notable fat apothecary revelling at a tavern in Fleet-street; and, when his comrades had

had given him his load, they sought for one to carry him home. A porter was found to convey him in a basket. He got him up with much trouble, and coming to Temple-bar, the gates were shut, for it was twelve at night. The porter knocks, the keeper comes, and desires to know his business. The porter answers, "A thing of great weight. Upon seeing the basket, the keeper asked what was in it, the porter answered, "*A Pot I carry.*"

A Pair of Spectacles.

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking one word; the other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession of importance. "Good people," says he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a pair of spectacles."

The Watch.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which, the prosecutor cries out, "*Ten-pence*, my lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*." Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*."

Heraldry.

Mr. Quick happened to be in company with a gentleman whose father was a *footman*, when heraldry became the subject of conversation: the gentleman observed, "he had seen his arms on a baronet's

baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit, "your family, sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

No distinction at the Gallows.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir," replied sweep, "I *won't* keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be here as you."

May-Day.

Through the streets, on May-day, you have seen
without doubt

In sooty procession, a chimney-sweep rout,

With a garland of bushes parade;

Dress'd in barrister's three-tail'd perukes from rag-fair,

With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,

And chalk paint on their chubby cheeks laid.

Thus gaily bedight, they jump jigs at your door;

And a concert of shovel and brush goes before!

If

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be stirr'd,
 At exertion so awkward, and pride so absurd,
 With so trifling advantage in view;
 But should you advise, with however grave face,
 Any one to abandon his music and lace;
 He would laugh as profusely at you!
 In comparing importance, thro' life's whole career,
We are all to ourselves—that we think we appear!

The London Advertisement-makers out-done.

A provincial attorney lately advertised an estate for sale, or to be exchanged for another, in the following terms: "That he is appointed *plenipoten-tiary to treat* in this business; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers*; that he will enter in *preliminaries*, either upon the principle of the *status quo*, or *uti possidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous to make the purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *sine quâ non*, and indeed at once to give his *ultimatum*!—assuring the public, that as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be *concluded*, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and duly *guaranteed*."

The Cranes.

Messier Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane which was roasting for his master's supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, observed several cranes at roost upon
 one

one leg; but his master shouting, they put down the other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not shout last night, for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too."—Currado laughed, and Chinchillo escaped.

The Wisdom of Solomon, A FACT.

Mr. Charles ———, who was several years in the T——y, used every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the office, to pass by the canal in the park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the ducky ducky ducky, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgot them. "Poor ducky!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry, and cannot get you some bread; but here is sixpence for you to buy some;" and thereupon threw a sixpence to the ducks, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very *wisely* told the whole of the story to some gentlemen, with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the body of one of them, which he gave to Charles to cut up: our hero was surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning; enraged, he bid the waiter send up his master, whom he saluted with the epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," says he, "Gentlemen, this very morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park."

Park." One of the gentlemen in the secret assured him it was a mistake, for that the ducks then on the table came from a friend of his at St. Alban's; on which Charles asked pardon, and peace was restored to the company.

Epigram.

Miserrum est alienæ incumbere Famæ. JUV.

" My ancestors acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of Fame;
Laurels in war my grandsire won;
My father in the senate shone;
My —— " Stop, sir:—say what *you* have done!"
" Done!—all their honours I inherit!"
" True, great sir: *all*—except their MERIT!"

The Reproof.

A person was mulcted in a large sum by some understrappers of the state. He complained to the chief magistrate, who was indolent, and attended not to his petition. The man went to him repeatedly. At length the magistrate was angry, and said, " How long wilt thou make my head ache with thy complaints?" The man replied, " My lord, thou art our *head*, where else can I go?" The magistrate stood reprov'd, and redressed his grievance.

Partnership extended.

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, " as she is more conformable to Richard Southall, than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

The Hermaphrodite.

A bird-catcher, who was also a fisherman, had one day spread his nets, into which a flock of birds was nearly entering, when the clamour of two disputing students affrighted them, and they flew away. The bird-catcher abused them for having deprived him of his day's livelihood; upon which the scholars begged pardon, alledging that, in the ardour of disputation, they had not seen the birds, or his nets. "Well," said the man, what is past cannot be helped; however, let me know what you was arguing upon so vehemently." "We were disputing" said one, "whether an hermaphrodite partakes most of the male or female sex." "What is an hermaphrodite?" asked the bird-catcher. "A creature" replied the scholar, "that is both male and female." "God be praised" said the bird-catcher, "that I am so much wiser than I was!" and took his leave.

Some few days after this, he caught some fine fish, which he presented to a generous nobleman, who rewarded him most liberally. The nobleman's wife, thinking her husband had given him too much money, accused him of extravagance: upon which he ordered a servant to follow the fisherman, with directions to ask him whether the fish were male or female, and according to his answer demand the money back, saying, "My master does not want either." Upon the servant's asking the question, the fisherman, who guessed that the nobleman had repented of being too liberal, recollected what he had heard from the scholars, and said, "My fish are neither male or female, but are both in one, being *hermaphrodites*." The nobleman

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man was so pleased with this answer, that he added a handsome sum to what he had before given; and the man blessed the scholars for disturbing his birds.

The Duke of Marlborough.

This great General, observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms, at the battle of Blenheim; accosted him thus, "Why so pensive, my friend, after so *glorious a victory?*" "It may be glorious," replied the brave Briton, "but I am thinking, that *all the human blood I have spilt this day, has only earned one fourpence!* To the credit of humanity be it spoken, that the Duke, turning aside, a tear was observed to fall from his cheek.

Sublime Poetry.

In the 74th Psalm of Sternhold and Hopkin's version, will be found the following curious lines. David is addressing the Divine Being, and thus exclaims—

"Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap!
O! pluck it out, and be not slack,
To give thy foes a rap."

Pay-day, An Epigram,

Stat sua cuique Dies.

To Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;
But Will, by no such notions check'd,
Lets no day be a sad day:

More

More cheerful still, as more in debt,
 He makes each day a May-day;
 Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
 But for that queer day,—*pay-day*!

Claud Sanguin's Petition.

Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Lewis XIV. on the occasion. The Monarch at once felt the delicacy of the Poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one *thousand* crowns, which were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
 This *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;
 But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,
 Of your majesty's income the total I cast,
 All counted (I've still the remembrance quite clear)
 Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year*;
 Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in your pow'r,
 Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour*;
 To answer the calls of my present distress,
 Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,
 May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,
 Of your time *fifteen minutes*, before I expire.

One way to wipe off a Debt.

A fire happening at a public house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it which I shall never be able to pay."

Attention

Attention to Business.

A pawnbroker being upon his death-bed, the priest who attended him, held up a silver crucifix. The poor dying man, *forgetful of his Jesus*, fixing his eyes upon it, cried out in a faint tone, "I cannot lend much upon it."

On a Melancholy and Pious Lady.

Biblis does solitude admire;
A wondrous lover of the dark;
Each night puts out her chamber-fire;
But just keeps in a *single spark*!

'Till four she keeps herself alive;
Warm'd by her piety, no doubt;
Then, tir'd with kneeling, just at five,
She sighs—and lets that *spark* go out.

Blessings in Disguise.

A court martial was held to enquire into the conduct of a worthy veteran, and the sentence pronounced by the gentlemen who presided, discovered evidently their good sense, and their real opinion of the subject. On this occasion, the Major General talked of benefits which he had, or which he meant to have conferred on the honest man. "If I have experienced any benefits from your Grace," said the old soldier, "they have, like certain blessings of the Almighty, *appeared in disguise*."

King's Birth Day, 1800.

In a conversation lately between a *Volunteer* and a *Lady*, the following Dialogue took place

Lady, You had a disagreeable *wet* day yesterday, for exercising.

Volunteer

Volunteer. Yes, madam, but being *inured* to hardships, we brave all danger for the good of the Country.

Lady. *Manured* indeed!!

Good fat Mutton.

An Irish peasant was taken before a magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garrat Fitzmaurice. The justice asked him, if he could read; To which he answered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant, then," said Mr. Quorum, "that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir Garrat, as his brand (G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I thought the three letters stood for Good Fat Mutton."

Conundrum.

A fashionable *emigrant* was invited on Michaelmas day last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with the extravagant encomiums on a *giblet-pye*, which his host was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, mounscer," said Mr. Greerfat, "have you even seen any thing like it?" "Nothing in my life," replied the other, "except your Worship's wig." "Ha! ha!" exclaims the alderman, "that's a good one. But pray how is my wig like that *pye*?" "*Par Dieu*," rejoined the Frenchman, "because it has a goose's head in it."

A Jew outwitted.

A Jew lately deposited a ring with his friend, a publican, telling him in confidence, that its real

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value

value was only two guineas, but suggesting at the same time, the probability of selling it for much more, by raising a report of its being a very valuable antique ring, lately found in an old box belonging to the publican's deceased aunt.

The story had its effect, and in consequence, most of the neighbouring Jews repaired to the public house, under the pretence of calling for a little *Hollandsh and waters*, but in reality to obtain a sight of this curious ring, which was at length sold to one of the children of Israel for five guineas.

The publican then sent for Moses, and put into his hand two guineas, accompanied by the following words: "There is the real value of your ring as you told me yourself: the other three guineas are mine in right of my *poor dear aunt*, to whom I am heir at law.

Moses, highly incensed at being outwitted, lost no opportunity of telling this story, not seeming to suspect that there was any thing improper in his own artifice, but complaining bitterly of what he calls a *Christian bite*.

Reasons against Gaming.

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, some proposed play; "But," said another of the company, "I have fourteen good reasons against gaming." "What are those?" said another. "In the first place," answered he, "I have no money." "Oh," said the first, "if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another."

Henry

Henry IVth and the Abbot.

Henry IV. being given to the love of other women besides his queen, was sharply reproved by a rich abbot, his confessor. The king seemed to take the rebuke well; and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges. His majesty observing this, asked him why he did not eat of some other dishes, which he thought better. The abbot told the king, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day the king caused the abbot to be arrested, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile; with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but roasted partridges; which at first pleased the abbot; but, having no other diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it. At the week's end the king sent for him under pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing. "Well," said the king, "since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to prison again:" to which the abbot replied, "I do beseech your majesty if I must be confined that I may be ordered some other diet." "Why, what diet have you had?" said the king: "Nothing," answered the abbot, "but partridges." "Why," said his majesty, "you told me that was the diet you loved best." "Tis true," said the abbot, "but always *partridges!* I now *loath* them, and beg other food." "Very well," replied the king: "It is just so with me. I love my queen above all women in the world, but *always the queen, al-*
ways

ways the queen!—this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire *change of diet* as well as you do." So laughing at the abbot, he set him at liberty.

A remarkable Eater.

A remarkable eater, who picqued himself upon devouring as much as six other men could manage, was brought before Henry IV, expecting that monarch would make him a present to keep his chops a going. The king, who had heard of this hero of the platter, asked him if it was true, that he could eat as much as six? "Yes, Sire," answered he. "And do you work in proportion?" added the king. "Sire," replied he, "I work as much as any of my strength and age." "Get along;" exclaimed the king, "had I six such as thee in my kingdom, I should cause them all to be hanged, to prevent a famine."

A new Method of taming a Wife.

A husband had a wife who railed and growled without ceasing. Tired of this noise, he caused a cradle to be made the size of his wife, and suspended it in the middle of a room, by ropes fastened to the ceiling. Having communicated his design to two of his friends, he invited them to dine with him. As soon as the wife saw them, without knowing the invitation, she began to chide her husband, and the more he tried to appease her, the more obstreperous she was. This obliged him, with the assistance of his friends, to hand her into the cradle, where they fastened her down, so that she could not move; and began to rock her with all their force. She roared till she was hoarse,

hoarse, but all in vain; the rockers continued their toil. At length she began to be silent: for the moment she muttered, they recommenced rocking. Ever after when she growled, he whispered, "the cradle;" and by a few more exercises, rendered her as tame as a lamb.

A Hat in your Head.

A bishop was consumed with the desire of being a cardinal. He envying the good health of his treasurer, and said, "How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treasurer answered, "My lord, the reason is, that you have always a *hat in your head*; and I have always *my head in a hat*."

Small Profits.

A Quaker sold a piece of goods to a person, for which he asked two Guineas, and on the gentlemen objecting to the price, replied, "Indeed friend we cannot sell it for less, I only get two shillings and sixpence by thee;" upon which the gentleman paid the money and departed: immediately one of the partners (of whom there were four) who had been standing near and heard the whole, said "friend Joel, didn't thou mistake when thou said two shillings and six-pence was the whole profit, knowing that we get ten shillings, by the goods" "True," replied Joel; "but I said to the man *I* only get two shillings and six-pence by thee, which is the truth, then there is two shillings and six-pence for thee, and the same for each of our two friends."

On

On the splendid Funeral of a Miser;

By Mr. T. Park.

Rich. Gripe, to gain a liberal name
Kept open house too late;
For that was only once, says fame,
And then—he lay in state.

A Bill of Parcels.

The following curious item appeared in a bill delivered into the hands of the Treasurer of a Soup Society, by a Caledonian bricklayer—

The Gentlemen of Great Marlow, Dr.

FOR HANGING A COOPER TO make soup for the poor people	}	15s. 6d.
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Bon Mot.

At a late sessions in Yorkshire, one person asked another, if he knew the cause of Mr. Such-a-one's leaving the bench after hearing a few causes? "I am told," said the other, "that he has been seized with the *gout* in his *head*." "For heaven's sake," rejoined the enquirer, "when you mention it again, call it a *cholic*; the world may then suppose, especially from its happening at a *Quarter Sessions*, that he has some *guts* in his *brains*. You may add, that a *friendly* physician *certified* so much."

An Errant Boy Wanted.

Two Bookbinders boys passing a window in Warwick lane, one of them espied the following inscription, an "Errant Boy wanted here" "Jack said he" here is a place that will suite you to a tittle, that you are a Boy there needs no proof, and that you

you are an Errant one every body is well acquainted.

Recent Anecdote.

As Messrs. W. and H. were coming over Blackfriars Bridge lately, they saw a Butcher on horse-back carrying a Calf before him, on which Mr. W. said "there goes a Horse, an Ass and a Calf, on four legs" and a Mule too rejoined Mr. H. "how so" replied Mr. W. why it is very well known to all who are the least conversant with Buffon, that a Mule is between a Horse and an Ass, therefore the saddle is the Mule.

Parody on the Indian Death Song, by the late

Francis Grose, Esq.

The capons are good, and the goose has his day,
Yet the Hog from them both bear our praises away;
Begin then to reckon how much we may gain,
If to twenty-five stone our pig should attain.

Remember the price that he cost at the fair,
Remember the pease that were bought for him there,
But since these have not been bestowed in vain,
A lover of bacon should scorn to complain.

Remember the acorns he eat on each day,
And the wash from our dairy, by John fetch'd away;
See the cost rises fast; now let's think of the gain,
For at four-pence a pound there's no room to complain.

He goes to the shop where his father is gone,
Whose weight by five score did not equal his son;
Of his puddings and chit'lins at market the gain,
Will leave to his owner no cause to complain.

He's

He's sold to the factor, who purchas'd his sire,
 Who more of the breed does at all times desire ;
 He deals like a chapman, nor envies our gain,
 And leaves us no room to grudge or complain.

The Funeral Supper.

Doctor Riley of Monmouth, an Irishman by birth, married a superannuated and sickly old woman, who was possessed of an annuity of 100*l.* per Annum, and the house in which she lived, and of which by her marriage articles she retained the disposal ; the Doctor, who to do him justice had most carefully watched over her health with the greatest solicitude, either out of love to her, or her Annuity, finding she could not live many days, made use of every endearment to induce her to leave him the house ; amongst others, he consulted her about her Funeral Supper, asking her whether she did not think a gammon of bacon they had in the chimney, with half a dozen fowls then in the coop, would be sufficient ? The old lady surviving a day or two beyond his expectation and some of these fowls being killed for her use, he kindly expressed his fear to her, that there would not be sufficient left if she did not die in a day or two, for the above mentioned occasion.

Another instance of his attention was, the recommending a particular person to make her shroud, saying she was famous for making them neatly.

All these blandishments had not their desired effect ; and though he even requested her in direct words to leave him the house, she bequeathed it to another.

Eastern Hospitality.

An infidel prince was brought captive before the caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who advised him to embrace the faith of Mahomet, which he refused; upon which he commanded him to be put to death. "Let me not die thirsty," said the prince. The caliph ordered him a cup of cold water. "Let the executioner (said the prince) put up his sword till I have drank it." The caliph did so. The prince drank a little, and poured the rest on the ground; after which he exclaimed, "Now, O caliph, put me to death." The caliph dared not to sin against the rights of hospitality, yet wished to punish a dangerous foe. He consulted a casuist; who advised him to keep the prince in solitary imprisonment during his life. The prince, on hearing this sentence, immediately became a mussulman.

*May no Miscarriage
Prevent my Marriage.*

Matthew Dowsell, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsunside-next, *whenever that may happen*,—and to return to Bothell, to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be *roasted*;—Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb, to be *roasted*;—Wm. Elliot gives a hen, to be *roasted*;—Joseph Gibson gives a pig, to be *roasted*;—William Hodgson gives a fat calf, to be *roasted*.

And in order that all this *roastmeat* may be well *basted*—do you see,

Mary Pearson, Patty Hodgson, Mary Bushby,
Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse,
Loy, Jest. D give

give each of them, *a pound of butter*:—The Advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

And he hereby gives Notice,

To all young women, desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present *disengaged*;—and he advises them to consider, that although *there may be luck in leisure*, yet, in this case, *delays are dangerous*; for with him, he is determined it shall be—*first come, first served*.

So come along, lasses, who wish to be marry'd;
Mat Dowsell is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd.

BLACK-Guards.

An impious punster, on hearing that the *spiritual* part of the community (the clergy) were about to *embody* themselves for the defence of the country, after making some observations on their *sable* attire, and how ill the sword would become it, exclaimed, “ Oh! England, unhappy England, to what a condition are you reduced, when you are to be indebted for the defence of your rights and interests to a band of *black-guards*.”

Comfort.

A gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for this expedition. “ Make yourself easy,” answered the doctor, “ this very often happens in the case of the *first* child, but *never afterwards*.”

A Delicate Reproof.

To reproach the vices of another is very hazardous and difficult. The confessor of Bernabo, viscount

count of Milan, surprised this nobleman in company with a courtesan. Bernabo, in great confusion at the discovery, asked the priest what he would have done, had he been under the same temptation. "I know not, my lord," replied the discreet monk, "what I should have done, but I know what I *ought* to have done."

A Bon Mot.

A knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, employed in an embassy to Florence, with great parade and ostentation, wore several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a dozen.

The Fat Abbé.

An abbé, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. "I believe so," says the peasant, looking at him jocosely; "for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning."

Madness.

A spanish ambassador going on his mission to Africa, lodged in his way at a convent in Navarre, where many insane people were accommodated. One person, who appeared rational, told the ambassador that his relations had shut him up there, and that their interest at court had detained him there, though he had given several proofs of a sound mind; and begged his grace to apply to the king for his release. The ambassador pitied the man,

really judging him to be ill-used; and promised him to apply to his majesty, if he would tell him his name. "I am," replied the maniac, "the angel Gabriel, who carried the message from heaven to the Virgin Mary." On his progress he lodged a second time in Grenada, at a monastery of the same description, and fell into discourse with one of the lunatics, whose story was, that he had done eminent services to the king of Spain, and that his son, in order to take possession of his estate, had confined him among madmen; and he begged his grace, on application to his majesty, to obtain his release. The ambassador mentioned to him his former commission from the angel Gabriel. "Do not mind that fool, my lord; he is a liar: for if he had been the angel, I should have known it, as I am God the Father himself." — Great care should be taken to keep madmen from the palaces of kings. Henry the second's life was attempted by a madman. Mahomet Bass, a general of the Turkish army, was killed by a madman at the head of his troops: and our most gracious king, George the third, has twice been in great danger of losing his life; once by Margaret Nicholson, and very lately by James Hadfield, who fired a pistol at his sacred person, on his coming into Drury Lane theatre. Henry the fourth used to say very frequently — "Protect me from madmen! Men in their senses will never do me any harm."

Clerical Gown.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protection;" replied, "It may be mine,

mine, but it shall not be your's; pulled it off, and thrashed the aggressor.

Conjugal Affection.

A French gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife, before his second, who one day said to him, "*Monsieur, je vous assure qu'il n'y a personne qui la regrette plus que moi*; (I assure you, sir, no one regrets her more than I do.)"

Passionate Temper.

General Sutton, brother of Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate: Sir Robert Sutton the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert, while his *valet de chambre* was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me;"—and then went on with the conversation. Presently, he said again, "John, you cut me"—and a third time—when Sutton starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the servant, swore a great oath, and said, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more I'll knock you down."

To do Nothing requires Assistance.

A master of a ship calls out, "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, sir."—"What are you doing?"—"Nothing, sir."—"Is Tom there?"—"Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?"—"Helping Will, Sir."

Legs in Store.

A general officer in the battle of Blenheim happening to have one of his legs shot off by a ball,

burst into a loud laugh: "How fortunate it is," said he, "I have two more in my portmantua!"

Eels.

A gentleman, seeing a woman skinning some eels, said to her, "how can you bear to be so cruel? Don't you think you put them to a great deal of pain?" Why, I might, sir," she replied, "when I first began business; but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time they must be quite used to it."

The Lion and Mouse.

An English knight, who had behaved very insolently to queen Elizabeth, when she was only a princess, fell upon his knees before her, soon after she became his sovereign, and besought her to pardon him, suspecting (as there was good cause) that he should have been sent to the tower. She immediately answered very mildly, "Do you not know we are descended from the lion, whose nature is not to prey upon the mouse?"

Comment on the Catechism.

A clergyman, explaining the catechism to some girls belonging to a Sunday-school, told them their christian name was given them when they were admitted into Christ's church, and became christians; desiring them to recollect the proper answer, should he hereafter repeat the question. After a few intervening observations; "Well, my love," said he, "when was your christian name given you?" "When I was a baby, sir!" she replied.

Subject.

Subject for a Surgeon.

A man, sitting one evening at an ale-house, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw another, dead drunk on an opposite bench. A thought instantly struck him; so going to the landlord, he said, "Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" "Aye, to be sure," returned he; "and half a crown shall speak my thanks." "Agreed," said the other, "get me a sack." A sack was brought, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burthen, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist; when he knocked at the door. "Who's there?" said a voice. "I have brought you a subject," replied the man, "so come, quick, give me my fee." The money was immediately paid, and sack, with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick had pretty nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other had been gone five minutes, began to endeavour to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, and cried, "why, you dog, the man's alive!" "Alive!" answered the other, "so much the better, kill him when you want him."

Epigram.

Our fashionable belles and beaux,
With all their sight entire,
Stick up a glass before their nose,
And each becomes a *spier*.

Hail times! hail ton! hail taste refin'd
Which makes e'en failings please!
And finds a joy in being *blind*—
To every thing one sees!

Grace

Grace after Dinner, at a Miser's.

Thanks for this miracle ; it is no less
 Than finding manna in the wilderness ;
 In midst of famine we have found relief,
 And seen the wonder of a chine of beef ;
 Chimnies have smoak'd that never smoak'd before,
 And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

Scotch Courtship.

The following incident, which occurred in a caledonian courtship, exhibiting the true *ridiculum sublime*, is as veritable as laughable: A son of medicine (a doctor Shaw) in vital date climacterically verging, having purse as well as person in perspective, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Scotch baronet: the lady, prone to jocularity, seemed to listen to his suit solely for the reception of that entertainment grey-haired folly renders in attempting the characteristics of juvenility. The doctor one day was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry ; on this occasion he was determined to be as Adonis-like in habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known, that the doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of Peripatetics ; when he appeared, it was in the equestrian style ; and his steed, in lack of flesh, and shew of ossification, paced in singularity: on this automaton of bones, he was carried to the house of the lady in question ; and forward he set for the interview. The doctor was never remarked for a frequent mutation in linen, he had particular attachment for a shirt when once it met in contact with his skin, and before they were separated, the natural blanche of the one was somewhat improved by its intimacy

intimacy with the other; on such an important event as the present, he was guilty of deviation, and resolving to be profuse, he took an immaculate shirt, and put it, not on, but in his pocket, prudently considering, that in the action of riding its honours might be tarnished, and its appearance not so white; to prevent this, he resolved to put it on when he should arrive at a small distance of the scene of his wishes. Arrived at this settled distance, the doctor proceeded to disrobe his upper garments; still sitting on his horse, his hat, his wig, his coat, and his waistcoat, were taken off, and laid on the pommel of his saddle; his hands were employed in stripping his saffron-hued skin-case over his head: in this critical moment malignant fate reigning, his visual ray precluded by the covering of his shirt, his faithful Pegasus received affright from somewhat in the road, set off with the doctor in demi-nudity, and ran with him in *statu quo* (instinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his master's destination) to the door of the very house he had hoped to enter with every minutiae of dress adjusted. His Quixotte-like appearance threw the family into such paroxysms of laughter, as precluded the operations of speech, or the means of assisting the distressed doctor: the lady, in the doctor's disgrace, received the extremest entertainment, and though she liked human nature in its primitive state, gave the doctor to understand his period in it was not her choice.

Dr. Latimer's Present.

Dr. Latimer, one of the reformers, was raised to the bishopric of Worcester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each
of

of the bishops to make presents to the king of a purse of gold on a new-year's day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but instead of a purse of gold, presented the king with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, " Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Such characters as this in the present age would be valuable.

Le Surprise les Amant.

Une femme étant surprise avec son amant dans sa chambre par son mari, qui étoit borgne; elle courut au devant de lui, en lui disant qu'elle avoit songé qu'il voyoit des deux yeux. Il faut que je voye, a joûta-t-elle, si mon songe s'est accompli: & en disant cela, elle lui ferma son bon œil; ce qui donna occasion à son amant de sortir, sans que le mari l'aperçût.

Exposition on the Marriage Service.

A Welchman had sentence of death passed upon him for having two wives, but he stormed and swore, " Uds split hur nails, hur see no reason they had to hang hur for having two wives, when the priest told her, before a great people, hur might have sixteen: four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer. (Instead of for better, &c.

The Left-handed Baron.

Baron B ———, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of *The left-handed Baron*, being detected some years ago, at Bath, secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair
of

of stairs room, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so high again as long as you live."

A Solution.

A parson, thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," says the quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time." "Now, thou hast been free with me," added the quaker, "pr'ythe let me ask thee a question.—Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?" "No," said the parson, "nor you neither, I believe." "Yes I can," replied the quaker, "he was going into his eleventh year; was he not?"

Sleepy Congregation.

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to his drowsy audience, "when that poor creature," pointing to an idiot, who was leaning on a staff and staring at him, "is both awake and attentive!" "Perhaps, sir," replied the fool, "I should have been asleep too if I had not been an idiot."

Slip of the Tongue.

A servant bringing a tongue into a room, it slipped from the plate, and fell on the ground. His master was angry, but relented when the fellow begged pardon, for, "it was only a slip of the tongue." The answer so pleased the company, that they clubbed shillings a piece to reward his wit.

wit. Another servant desiring a like recompence, took an opportunity, when bringing a rump of beef, to let it fall in like manner, and said, it was only a slip of the tongue. But he was dismissed, and forced to pay for cleaning the carpet.

Rise of London Porter.

His M——y being at the play-house soon after the imposing an additional duty on strong beer, a fellow in the upper gallery called out to one of his acquaintance, and asked him if he would drink, for he had got a full pot. "What did you give for your full pot?" said the other, "Four-pence." "Why, where did you send for it?" To G—— the third." "You fool," said the other again, "Why did you not send to G—— the second? you would have it there for three-pence.

Price of Dogs.

A poor Limosin being at Paris, saw a very little lap-dog sold for four crowns, and made this reflection: "If so little a dog brings so large a price; what must a large dog bring?" After this sound and profound ratiocination, he returned to his own country, and collecting all the large curs he could procure, brought them to Paris, hoping to drive a trade which would enrich him in a few days.

Epigram.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his morals to mend.
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from
many;
"They lie," replied Tom, "I never had any."

Duke's

Duke's Place Association.

SIR,

As a friend to the present sacred order of things, I hasten to give you a copy of a paper found near my street door, dropt therè probably by accident; and as it is the duty of every *loyal* subject to cheer *whatever* government he may live under, by giving them all the good and useful intelligence he can, I transmit you this as a convincing proof, that the flux of *unbecoming knowledge* meets with a very general opposition amongst that part of the better sort of people, *who know what they are about*.

St. Mary Axe,
Nov. 30, 1799.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

P. S. R.

*At a Meethinge of Shentlemend of Order und goot!
Government of de Beebles, met at de Shign of de
BLUSHING MOSES, in Duke's Place.*

Resholbet, Becaas som French beebles hap sèt
op a new pork-shop, over de vay;

Resholbet, Becaas we hate dat pork-shop over
de vay;

Resholbet, Dat those dat sell kriskens, and black
bodens and those tings—is very bad.

Resholbet, Dat ve is very shartin our beebles
has more of de goot sens, as to eat any of dat.

Resholbet, Dat ve promish de beebles dat rost
pork, or any ting vat has pork vit—is very unsha-
veri;

Resholbet, Dat Moses himself said so—and all
de Rabbis ever since den, said so—and all the bee-
bles beleef it ever since.—Vat! can dere be bet-
ter antigity as dis?

Resholbet, Vat! will de beebles eat after all dis?
Log. Jest. E *Resholbet,*

Resholbet, Vell den! shall dey begin to eat de pork now, becaas Rabbi Pritzli, and all dem dam set, tell dem only to try how de pork taiste?

Resholbet, *Omnium*, Dat de beebles must not taiste tlie pork—'tis very dangerous for dem once to taiste de pork—for vy?  Becaas of the conshengenses.

Resholbet, Dat none but de Rabbis and all de High Prist can eat de pork widout eatin de dievil at de same time.

Resholbet, *Ergo*, Dat if de common beebles eat dis pork, de dievil vill eat dem.

Resholbet, Dat ve vill all tell dem so, and do all as ve can to make dem belif it.

Resholbet, Dat ve vill all pot on de corage—for vy?  Becaas Mordecai de jew still shittet en de Konigs gate.

Resholbet, *Fins*, Becaas ve hate dat dam pork-shop over de vay.

(Shignd) By order fun de Cabroushe,

SHAM HAM SHAM, Sec.

Epigram.

"I'll hold a crown," quoth DICK to NED,

"You often wrong your Neighbour's bed;"

"And I," quoth NED, "will hold my life,

"You always had a tell-tale wife."

Spartan Promise.

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being much oppressed by an importunate suitor, who often repeated to him, "You have promised;" made answer, "True, if what you ask be just, I have promised: if not, I have only said, not promised.

Respect

Respect to Age.

In the Panathenæa, a course of solemn games at Athens, an old Athenian came late to the theatre, and found it difficult to procure a seat. The audience even made a jest of him, calling to him *Here is room*; and sitting close when he came to the spot, so as always to reject him. The old man, being in great distress, not only with toiling along, but with being made a public laughing stock, at length came to the seats of the Spartans, who, all rising to a man, gave him the best place among them. At this, the whole theatre resounded with shouts of applause; and the old Athenian rising up, exclaimed, "The Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practise* it."

A Sacrifice.

A Spartan woman, after the first tidings of a battle, went through the city to meet more intelligence. One coming up told her that both her sons were among the slain; "Wretch," said she, "I did not enquire the fate of my sons, but that of my country." Being told that Sparta was victorious, she exclaimed, "Then I rejoice in the death of my sons."

Aristippus's Philosophy.

Once Aristippus asked a large sum from Dionysius, and that king seizing the occasion, said, "What! did you not always teach that a philosopher wants nothing?" "Give me my demand," said Aristippus, "and then we will talk of this." When he had received the sum, he said, "Did not I rightly teach that a philosopher wants nothing?"

ee

How can he know wants that knows who shall supply his wants?"

A Trust.

A woman received a sum of money from two guests to keep, on condition that she should restore it in presence of both. One of them after some time came to the woman in a mourning habit, and relating the death of his companion, received the sum. Soon after the other came, and made his demand. The poor woman in despair employed Demosthenes, who pleaded for her thus: "This woman is ready to deliver her trust, but cannot do it save in the presence of your companion; for you say yourself that the money was not to be given to one save in the presence of the other." She was acquitted.

A Method of clearing Justice.

A slave of Omer, the viceroy, fled from his service, but was retaken, and brought before the king; who, at Omer's instigation, condemned him to death. The slave upon this said, "O king, I am an innocent man; and, if I die by thy command, my blood will be required. Permit me then to incur guilt before I meet my sentence. Let me kill this Omer, my master, and I shall die contented. It is for thy sake only I desire this. The king, laughing at this new mode of clearing his own justice, acquitted the wretch.

A Loan.

A person came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the schoolmaster of Toledo, founder of the college of St. Catherine, who sent for a purse of reals, and gave them to him. The borrower took them,

them, and put them in his purse without counting them. The schoolmaster, observing this, asked for the purse, that he might see there was the sum; but, returning it to his chest, said, "A man that borrows without counting, can never mean to repay."

The Biter Bit.

The son of a country squire was in love with a daughter of a cow-herd; and promised her marriage, if she would permit him to use a husband's privilege beforehand. She consented. Soon after, the squire forced his son to marry a rich heiress. At the celebration of the wedding, the cow-herd's daughter intervening, was not appeased but by payment of a round sum. At night the bride asked her husband, "What occasioned the tumult?" who told her the story. "What a foolish girl!" said the bride, "to tell it to the world. My mother's man lay with me when he pleased, for these two years, and I never told it; nor should to you, dearest, but that my mother says there should be no secrets between man and wife."

The Confession.

A country boy, confessing to a priest, after many little faults, said, "Ay, father, but I know one sin that I won't tell." The priest, thinking this was some enormous crime, pressed him to tell it; and at last the boy confessed that he knew of a bird's nest in his father's garden, and the young were just ready to fly. "But," added he, "Father, you will tell this to nobody," which the priest, with a smile, promised. Next Sunday, the priest, in his sermon, took occasion to reprove the parents for neglecting the education of their children;

aren; and, among other things, said, the children were grown so ignorant, that they did not know a bird's nest from a sin. Upon which the boy, starting up, cried, "Stop, stop: you promised you would not tell."

Epigram.

TOM ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave;
Still w——s and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis this that makes us disagree,
So different is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
And I could cry for him.

Wit.

In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined wit? The doctor replied, "my lord, *wit* is like what a *pension* would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied.

Spectacles.

Rohin, who to the plough was bred,
And who could neither write nor read,
Seeing the good old people use,
To read with things across the nose,
Which they for ever wore about 'em,
And said they could not read without 'em;
Spying a shop where such like things,
Hang dangling in a row on strings,
It took him in the head to stop,
And ask the master of the shop,

If

If he could furnish folks that need,
 With glasses that could make 'em read;
 Sell 'em a pair of what d'ye call it,
 Would fit his nose and would'nt gall it.
 The man his draw'r in one hand took,
 The other ope's a bible book;
 The draw'r contains of glasses plenty,
 From three times five to five and twenty;
 Some set in horn and some in leather,
 But Robin could approve of neither;
 And when a score of pairs he try'd,
 And still had thrown 'em all aside,
 The man grew peevish—Bob grew vex,
 And swore he couldn't read the text.
 "Not read! confound you for a fool,
 I'll hang if you e'er went to school;
 Could you e'er read without the help
 Of spectacles?"— "Why no, ye whelp;
 Do people that can walk without,
 Buy wooden legs to stump about?"

The Naval Subaltern.

Ben Block was a vet'ran of naval renown,
 And renown was his only reward;
 For the board still neglected his merits to crown,
 And no int'rest he held with my lord!
 Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
 And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!
 When the death-dealing broadside made worms-
 meat of men,
 And the scuppers were streaming with gore!
 Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
 The staunch tar to despise scanty prog,
 But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
 And drown care in a jorum of grog!

Thus

Thus, year after year, in a subaltern state,
 Poor ben for his king fought and bled;
 'Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
 And the hair from his temples had fled,
 When, on humbly saluting with sinciput bare,
 The first Lord of the Adm'ralty once;
 Says his lordship, "Lieutenant you've lost all your
 hair,
 Since I last had a peep at your sconce!"
 "Why my lord," replied Ben, "it with truth may
 be said,
 While a bald-pate I long have stood under;
 There have so many captains walk'd over my head,
 That to see me quite *scalp'd*; 'twere no wonder.

Bon Mot.

During the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of strong body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted a member: "I think," said he, to the president, "I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a *great* man, in the *literal* sense of the word;"—"True," replied the other, "but I am afraid you are only a *little* man in the *literary* sense of the word."

The Man of Genius.

A young gentleman at the University of Cambridge, who was known to have a very pretty talent for making verses, having one day found the *significandus* particularly urgent, retired into his own apartment, to indulge himself in his favorite occupation. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and as the warmth of his imagination corresponded with
 the

the fervor without, his poetry could not fail to be uncommonly *glowing*. He accordingly began as follows :

The sun's perpendicular heat,
Illumines the depth of the sea,

He had proceeded thus far when Phœbus, whose beams are sometimes found to inspire sleep as well as genius, exerted the former power upon him with such effect, that in a few minutes he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow collegian coming into the room while the poet was in this situation, and seeing from the paper which was laying before him, the nature of his employment, he immediately added two other lines to the above, in order to complete the verse. The *man of genius*, awaking soon after, to his utter astonishment and confusion read as follows :

The sun's perpendicular heat,
Illumines the depth of the sea :
" And fishes beginning to sweat,
" Cry'd d—n it how hot we shall be."

Shooting.

King William the third had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that Monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the king, he gave his majesty the gun, charged only with powder. The king having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and

and extolling the king's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen *sa Majesté* miss his aim before in his life.

The Miser's Legacy.

An old miser was on his death-bed, verbally declaring his last intentions, but alas! his eldest son had offended him past forgiveness, by his inattention to money matters, and vain were the endeavours of surrounding friends to intercede for him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the dying man, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, prayed heaven to prolong his life, that he might long enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to Andrew's care, leaving him four thousand pounds." "Ah, father," said Simon, "may heaven grant you to live and enjoy it yourself!" "As for you, Dick," said he to his eldest son, "you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to any good; you'll never be rich: I leave you a shilling to buy you a halter." "Ah, father!" cried Dick, "may heaven restore you, and permit you to enjoy it yourself!"

The Spanish Grenadier.

During the last siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a centinel, whose post was near a tower facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling; looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but *fire and sword, breaches, storming, and bloodshed!* By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled pease. A large monkey,

(of

(of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's absence, and allured by the smell of the pease, ventured to the jug; and, endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his neck so far into the jug as not to be able to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier, approaching, the monkey started up to escape, with the jug on his head. This terrible monster no sooner saluted the eyes of the centinel, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine blood-thirsty grenadier, with a most tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guards took the alarm; the drums were beat; signal-guns fired; and, in less than ten minutes the governor and the whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the pease, was soon overtaken and seized; and, by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was soon restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of this direful alarm.

An Arab having complained to the Sultan of two unknown persons having entered his house to insult his family, the Sultan immediately repaired thither, and causing the lights to be put out, seized the criminals, had their heads enveloped in a cloak, and commanded them to be killed. The execution being thus performed, he ordered lights to be brought, and having examined the faces of the victims, fell on his knees, rendering the most fervent thanks and praises to God. "What favour,"

your," said an attendant, "has my lord received of heaven?" "I thought my sons," replied the Sultan, "had been the authors of these crimes; therefore I ordered the lights to be put out, and the faces of these unhappy wretches to be covered with a cloak; I was fearful, lest parental tenderness should triumph over the justice I owe to my subjects. Judge whether I ought not to thank heaven, when I find myself just, without taking away the life of my sons."

The Medicine Chest.

A careless surgeon of a man of war,
 Who seldom minded much the sickly tar,
 But always, with him whatsoe'er the matter,
 Prescrib'd a plenteous dose of *salt sea water*;
 Wishing once to have a cruize ashore,
 His friends perhaps to visit, or a ———.
 In going down the vessel's lofty side,
 He got a slip, and plung'd into the tide:
 On deck, the captain strutting to and fro,
 Heard the loud splash and bustle down below,
 And calling in a sharp imperious tone,
 Desir'd to know, *what fun was going on*.
 "Only, sir," cry'd a tar who lov'd his jest,
 "The doctor's slipt into his *Medicine Chest*."

King James the First.

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked, what connection swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your majesty came out of your way, I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you."

A New Sort of Physic.

When the Earl of Harrington was on his death bed many of his Mistresses came to see him ; some were denied and others admitted. Among the rest, one being extremely solicitous for admittance, she was told as a reason for the denial that his Lordship had just received the Sacrament ; to which she answered, supposing it some kind of Physic, that she would wait patiently 'till it had worked off.

I Tap'd the Governor.

A Sailor on board a Man of War being frequently drunk, the Captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence he should be severely punished, and at the same time forbid the Purser and all other persons to let him have any liquor ; shortly after this the fellow appeared very drunk ; how he got the liquor no one could guess ; the Captain resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his order, promising to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquors, after some hesitation he hiccupped out " why, and please your honour, I tapped the Governor ; " by which means he had stolen some of the arrack in which the body of an East India Governor was bringing home in that ship, for interment in England.

Bad Language.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson spoke very bad French, and the present King of Denmark worse English. Some hours after the King and Sir Thomas had been together, Lord Chesterfield entered.

tered, and with a very grave face condoled with Sir Thomas on the misunderstanding between him and the King. The astonished knight protested there was no truth whatever in the report, which Lord Chesterfield interrupted, by saying:—"Confess or deny, Sir Thomas, as you please; but every one knows there was *much bad language* passed between you!"

John Wessell.

"Sextus IV. having a great esteem for this learned German, sent for him, and said, "Son, ask of us what you will; nothing shall be refused to you that becomes our character to bestow, and your condition to receive." "Most holy father," replied he, "I shall never be troublesome to your Holiness. You know I never sought after great things: the only favour I have to beg is, that you would permit me to take out of your Vatican library a Greek and a Hebrew bible." "You shall have them," said Sextus; "but what a simple man you are? Why do you not ask for a bishopric?"—"Because, Holy Father, I do not want one," replied Wessell.

Henry Stephens.

"In the printing-house of this great scholar every person spoke Latin, from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old maid who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised 2 Louis d'or to any person that should find a fault in it."

Ignorant

How beloved Ignorant Simplicity.

A painter being employed to represent some cherubims and seraphims, in a country church, made them with very melancholy faces ; and being asked his reasons for so doing, by the rector of the parish, he answered ; “ *I have your own words for the propriety of it ; have I not heard you say, a thousand times over, that cherubims and seraphims continually do CRY ?* ”

The Retort Courteous.

A Schoolmaster in a country village, who, formerly, acted as a barber to the village, being in dispute with the parish clerk, on a point of grammar—“ *It is downright barbarism,* ” said the clerk ; “ *Barbarism !* ” replied the pedagogue.—“ *Do you mean to insult me ? a barber speaks as good English as a parish clerk any day.* ”

Earl of Shaftsbury.

A *Bon Mot* of this earl himself, was his truest character. Charles the Second said to him, one day, “ *Shaftsbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions.* ” He bowed and replied—“ *O of a subject, sir, I believe I am.* ”

George Villers, Duke of Buckingham,

Gave the following instance of astonishing quickness ; being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

The wound is great, because it is so small !

The Duke cried out,

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all !

Jockeyship.

Louis XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present, a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus: "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts one horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful Barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the King's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the King exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip"—and added, in presenting it to the *seignor*, "Hold! this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it you for your horse."

Value of an Oath.

A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian."—"Will you wager?"—"No, I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

New Proof of Friendship.

Sir *** was a great amateur, nay, practiser, of boxing and wrestling; and willingly imparted his knowledge to those who consulted him. A
lord

lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet started his favourite topic. The peer's politeness leading him to say that he should wish to see a specimen of the baronet's boasted skill, Sir *** suddenly seized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up starts my lord in a rage, when the baronet addressed him with great gravity, "My lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you. This master-stroke I have shewn to no other person living."

Artful Questions.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, Sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.

Fontenelle.

Wit, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce."—"But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head

of the stairs he called out, "Cook! dress the sparus with sauce."

A Man of Punctuality.

Hâl sent me word he'd dine with me
Precisely at the hour of three;
But, meeting with some tavern-goer,
Agreed to join his mess at four.

With which d'ye think he kept his word?
"Perhaps with both." No, friend, a *third*
Happen'd to cross him on his way,
And he with *him* has pass'd the day.

An Election Kiss.

A Chimney-Sweeper in a certain borough-town,
being one of the last voters at a violently contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward; and, having vainly endeavoured to persuade the Sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers: after which, confidently claiming the expected reward, "No, no!" says the Chimney-Sweeper, "I shan't vote for you; for, I'm very sure, he that would kiss my hand, would kiss any minister's a—se."

Square Head.

A Student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar; sent for the peruke-maker to
measure

measure him for a new tye-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the young barrister desiring to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth, the barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head: "That's well," said the student; "we lawyers have occasion for long heads." The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and, an explanation being insisted on; at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as thick as it was long.

Prayers.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living: "How often, Jack," says one of them, "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Aye," says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea."

Curious Advertisement.

W——, April 12, 1800.—"W. H——, white-smith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster, and watchman. Teeth drawn occasionally, shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom and organ blower, keeper of the town hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the town clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter and bill-poster,

poster, fire bucket mender to the Salamander fire-office, street-sprinkler, assistant to the Staffordshire pottery, fire-lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll-taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings—returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of W—— and its vicinity, for the many favours already received, and begs to assure them, that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage.

☞ “ A fashionable assortment of every thing in the above lines. Country orders executed with the greatest punctuality and dispatch. An apprentice wanted; a genteel premium expected.

* * “ Most money given for old leather.”

Definition of Wit.

My easy friends, since ye think fit,
This night to lucubrate on wit;
And since ye judge that I compose
My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
I'll give my judgment in a song,
And here it comes, be't right or wrong;
But first of all I'll tell a tale,
That with my case runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in Fife,
Wha cou'd na, for his very life,
Speak without stammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he sang.
His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
Which gart the lad run breathless mourning;
Hamoward, with cliver strides he lap,
To tell his daddy his mishap.

At distance, e'er he reach'd the door,
 He stood, and rais'd a hideous roar :
 His father, when he heard his voice
 Stepp'd out, and said—"Why a' this noise?"
 The calland gap'd, and glowr'd about,
 But na ae word could he lug out.
 His dad cry'd, kenning his defect—
 "Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck!"
 Then soon he gratified his sire,
 And sung aloud, "*Your kiln's a-fire.*"
 Now ye'll allow there's *wit* in that,
 To tell a tale so very pat.

Bright *wit* appears in many a shape,
 Which some invent, and others ape.
 Some shaw their *wit* in wearing claiths,
 And some in coining of new aiths;
 There's crambo *wit* in making rhyme,
 And dancing *wit* in beating time;
 There's mettled *wit* in story-telling,
 In writing grammar, and right spelling;
Wit shines in knowledge of politics,
 And, vow! what *wit's* among the critics.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play,
 In strains ironic, with that heavenly ray;
 Rays which the human intellects refine,
 And make the man with brilliant lustre shine,
 Marking him sprung from origin divine.
 Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
 So may loose *wits* regard no social laws;
 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake;
 So, 'midst his vices, sinks the *witty* rake.
 But when on first-rate virtues *wit* attends,
 It both itself and virtue recommends,
 And challenges respect where'er its blaze
 extends.

Le Gueux Fanfaron.

Certain gueux, dont tout l'équipage
 Etoit de differens morceaux,
 Tout déchirez & par lambeaux,
 Et qui de mendiant faisoit le personnage;
 Ayant émeu d'un passant la pitié,
 Qui le jugeant sans aucune ressource,
 Tire une piece de sa bourse,
 En lui disant, tiens, prends, en la moitié,
 Et pour d'autres me rends le reste,
 Ce drôle ayant bien fouillé, bien cherché,
 Par tout ce qu'il avoit encore da caché,
 Lui répondit: Monsieur, je vous proteste,
 Pour avec vous ne point faire le fin,
 J'ai beau fouiller & chercher, & c'est en vain;
 Je ne saurois vous trouver de monnoye,
 Quelque fort desir que j'en aye;
 Chez moi sans y penser j'ai laissé mon butin,
 En changeant d'habit ce matin.
 Les gens, tout gueux qu'ils sont, ne sauroient se
 defaire
 De leur orgueilleux caractere.

The Literary Monk.

A monk, who acted as librarian to his society, being employed to make a catalogue of the books, on taking up an Hebrew author, of which tongue he was completely ignorant, was a long time at a loss how to describe the volume. At length he inserted it in the catalogue, under the title of a book which has the beginning where the end should be.

The Dying Miser.

Mr. L——, the famous usurer, during his last illness frequently fell into fainting-fits, which exhibited

hibited the appearance of immediate dissolution. His friends, by great attention, and by calling in very able physicians, for some time protracted his life, and procured to the patient symptoms of returning health. One of these his confessor thought a good opportunity of reminding the sick man of his approaching fate. To effect this pious intention, he presented before the eyes of the expiring usurer a silver crucifix. M. L.—— surveyed the cross with minute attention, and suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

The Pathetic Psalmist.

A priest, more fam'd for voice than wit,
 Chaunted one day, in such a fit
 Of holy zeal, that all the choir
 Such efforts could not but admire.
 When the priest saw, with fond surprize,
 The tears flow fast from Annett's eyes,
 He could not doubt his pow'r to move
 The streams of sympathy and love.
 The service ended, he address'd
 The nymph, and, whilst her hand he press'd,
 Began to hint his am'rous fears:
 Perhaps his singing caus'd her tears?
 He own'd he all his pow'rs had tried.—
 "Ah! spare my woes," the maid replied:
 "I've lately lost—ah me!—alas!
 How great my loss!—my fav'rite ass.
 And when, Sir Priest, you sung to-day,
 I thought I heard his well-known *bray*."

The Prince of Wales.

In the rooms of Bath, a few days ago, the
 Prince left Miss ——, to enter into conversation,
 tion,

tion with Mrs. —, a very plain woman. When he returned to the former, he was rallied for paying so marked an attention to *such a person*. "It is true, madam," said he, "that Mrs. —, is far from being beautiful, but she is sensible in her conversation, and engaging in her manner, and never speaks of another, *not even of any of her own sex*."

Fashionable Friendship.

Thus, with kind words, Sir Edward cheer'd his friend,

"Dear Dick, thou on my friendship may'st depend;

"I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."

Dick's soon confin'd—his friend no doubt wou'd free him,

His word he kept,—in want he ne'er would see him.

Epigram.

The Reason why Women have no Beards.

What is the reason, pray, why the fair sex
Possess no beards, no beards their chins perplex?
The reason's clear, their itch for talk is such,
A razor wou'd draw blood at ev'ry touch!

Epigram, from the French.

Sir, I admit your general rule,

That every poet is a fool:

But you yourself may serve to shew it,

That every fool is not a poet.

The Bruising Parson.

A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the council according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him; "I think you are the bruising parson," said he; "I am," answered the reverend divine, and if you doubt it and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

Anecdote.

When Henry the 4th of France was once visiting a town at some distance from the capital, according to the usual custom, the chief magistrate began an oration, which Henry, who was a sensible man, had much rather have dispensed with. It so happened, that just as the mayor commenced his fulsome *oratory*, an ass began braying—"one at a time *gentlemen*," said his majesty, and rode off; leaving the poor mayor and his attendants in the greatest chagrin.

Epigram.

Robert complained much one day
That Frank had ta'en his character away:
I take your character, says Frank, G-d z—s
I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!

Practical Algebra.

Dr. Wilson, a particular friend and admirer of Garrick, was a great punster; he one day seeing Dr. Brocklesby coming into Batson's coffee-house, then chiefly used by physicians, addressed him by the name of Dr. Rock; to which the Doctor objecting with some warmth, Wilson undertook

Loy. Jest.

G

dertook

dertook to prove it algebraically, thus Brock--less B— that is, Brock without the B— which it cannot be denied is Rock.

No Pleasing.

A drummer of the 104th regiment executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow, as is customary, cried out, "Strike high, strike high;" the drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended—"The devil burn you," quoth he, "there is no pleasing you strike where one will."

On a Scotch Presbyterian.

An old Scotch Presbyterian, sour and sly,
The Lord *preserve* me always us'd to cry:
To whom a buxom wench did jeering say,
Preserving you, were sugar thrown away:
Preserves are ever made of sweetest fruits;
With your sour nature vinegar best suits:
Alter therefore your prayer, and from this day,
Good Lord, pray pickle me, in future say.

The Jew and Christian.

A Jew and a Christian were conversing familiarly by the side of a well, when the former happened to fall in without receiving much hurt, and the Christian flew for a ladder to help him out. As he was eagerly endeavouring to put it down into the well, "It is not worth while, (says the Jew) I will make no use of your ladder; to-day is Saturday." He remained therefore up to the chin in water till next morning, when his friend came to know how he

he had fared during so cool a night. "The ladder! the ladder! (cries the Jew for the love of God bring back the ladder!" "Heaven forbid! (replies the Christian) to-day is Sunday."

Vowels.

A gentleman and his friend, passing along Newgate-street one day, were stopped by a crowd. On enquiring into the cause, were informed, one *Vowel* was to be hanged; when one of the gentlemen observed to the other, he wondered *what Vowel* it was, and received for answer, "neither *U* nor *I* you may swear, so let us pass on."

A Symbol of Insufficiency.

A modish gentlewoman being compelled, by her mother, to accuse her husband of insufficiency; and being in the court, humbly desired the judge that she might write her mind, and not be obliged to speak it, for modesty's sake: The judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give her pen, ink, and paper; whereupon she took the pen, without dipping it into the ink, and made as if she would write. Says the clerk to her, "Madam, there is no ink in your pen."—"Truly, Sir, (says she) that is just my case, and therefore I need not explain myself any farther."

The Miser and the Mouse.

To a Mouse says a Miser, "My dear little Mouse, "Pray what may you please to want in my house?" Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet, "You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet."

" A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford ;
 " But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
 board."

Epigram.

One day, behind my lady's back,
 My lord attack'd her maid,
 And stole a kiss, which she repaid ;
 And gave him smack for smack.

Pert with such freedoms, " Pray (said she)

" Who kisses with the greatest glee ?

" Is it my lady ? is it I ?"—

" 'Tis you, no doubt," he made reply.

" Why, in good faith, it must be true,"
 Resum'd the wanton dame ;

" For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,

" All say the very same !"

Proclamation for a Scotch Fair.

O Yes ! and that's ae time : O yes ! and that's
 twa times : O yes ! and that's the third and last
 time.—All manner of persons and persons what-
 soe'er, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken
 that there's a fair to be held at the muckle town
 of Langholm, for the space of aucht days ; where-
 in, if ony hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dub-scouper,
 or gang-the-gate-swingier, shall breed ony hirdam-
 dirdam, rabblement, or squabblement, he shall
 hae his lugs tack't to the Muckle Trone, wi' a
 nail o' twal-a-penny, until he's down o' his hob-
 shanks, and up wi' his dowp, and pray to Heav'n
 nine times, God bless the King ! and thrice the
 Muckle Laird of Renton ! paying a groat to me
 Jemmy Farguson, Bailly o' the aforesaid manor.
 So ye hae n' heard my proclamation, and I'll hame
 to my dinner.

Epigram

Simplicity.

Gross instances of weakness of intellect are ludicrous. A Venetian of moderate understanding mounted his horse to go into the country. His servant followed on foot, close behind him. The horse kicked the valet; who in a passion flung a stone at him, which struck the master on the back. The master chid the servant for walking so slow. "I cannot walk faster," replied the valet, "for your horse has given me a kick." "Ah! a beast;" replied the master: "I will give him his due; for he has just *kicked* me on the back."

Sterne.

The duke of Newcastle being one day engaged in conversation with the late witty author of *Tristram Shandy*, and observing that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business: the wit sarcastically replied— "They are not incapable, my lord, but above it; a sprightly, generous *horse* is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an *ass*; but he is *too good* to be put to the drudgery."

Louis XV.

Was told that one of his guards was in danger of instant death, from having, by way of joke, swallowed a crown-piece. "Good God!" said the king, "run for Andouillet, La Martiniere, Lassone," his surgeons! "Sire," said the duke of Noailles, "these are not the proper people." "Who then?" "The abbé Terray, Sire." "The abbé Terray! how so?" "Oh! he will come and lay a first tenth on the crown, then a second tenth; then a first twentieth, and a second twentieth; and so

the crown will be reduced to three shillings, like ours; it will then pass by the usual alimentary canals, and the patient will be cured."

The Scotch Bagpiper.

A Scotch bagpiper travelling in Germany, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner. No sooner had he said grace, than three wolves came about him; to one he threw bread, to another cheese, till his provender was all gone.--- At length he took up his pipes, and began to play; at which the wolves all ran away. "*The deil faw me*"; said Sawney, "*gin I had kenn'd ye lo'ed music sa weel, you should ha' haen it before dinner*".

Address to two young Ladies by A Ramsay.

TO THE FIRST.

Upon your cheek sits blooming youth.

TO THE OTHER.

Heaven sparkles in your eye.

TO BOTH.

There's something sweet about each mouth;

Dear Ladies let me try.

One kind Kiss before we part.

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music at a warehouse, situated in the western part of the metropolis, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which she had neglected to buy. --- "Sir," said she, on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I had forgotten, and which I must now request you to give me. ---" And what is that?" replied the young music-seller. "It is

“One kind Kiss before we Part.”—The gay youth, vaulting instantaneously over the table, saluted the fair stranger!

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, (who will recollect the song “One kind Kiss before we Part!”) that it was an *air* of a less touching nature than the one given by our hero, which the lady expected to receive.

Father Adam.

Father Adam was a Jesuit of Limosion, who was silenced afterwards for preaching against St. Austin. The Queen-Mother, coming out from one of his sermons, asked a courtier who was near her, what he thought of the discourse. “Madam,” replied the gentleman, “the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of Preadamites.” “How so?” says the Queen. “Because, Madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is not the *first* of men.”

Epigramme.

Damon n’aime que lui; Je ny vois aucun mal;
Pouvoit il mieux choisir, pour etre sans rival.

Epigramme.

Chloris est avare, Chloris aime l’argent;
Elle achete son teint, la reste elle le vend,

The nicest part of a Fowl.

The Byram Khan was one day at his dinner, when one of the attendants burst into tears. Byram asked the cause, when the youth said, “that the delicacies before him had reminded him of those he had enjoyed in the house of his father, who was a reduced gentleman.” Byram replied, “If thou hast

hast really being used to good living, tell me which is the nicest part of a fowl?" "The skin," answered the youth. Byram promoted him in his household.

The Poet and Miser:

A poet composed some verses in praise of a miser, who gave him nothing. The next day the poet wrote a satire upon him; to which the miser paid no attention. The day following the bard seated himself at the gate of the miser, who seeing him, enquired what he wanted. "I am waiting (said the poet) to see thy corpse carried out, that I may compose thy funeral dirge." The miser laughed, and gave him a handsome present.

The want of Brains.

A taylor following the army was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The taylor said, "If I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here."

The Bad Preacher.

There was a bad preacher, whom no one attended who had once heard him. Descending from pulpit one day after sermon, he missed his slippers, and accused the muzzin (clerk) of stealing them. "I am rightly served," said the man, "for being the only one who staid to hear thee."

The pilgrimage.

A rich Shirauzee, a rich Shirwaunee, and a poor Cazveenee, went together on a pilgrimage to Mecca. When the holy ceremonies were finished,

the first, in gratitude for the completion of his religious vow, manumitted his slave named Mubarik, and the second liberated his female slave Rooshana. "I," says the cazveenee, "have no slaves to free; but I most cordially liberate my wife and children from having any thing to do with me."

Epigram.

*On the newly imported Female mode of wearing
Watches in the bosom,*

Among our Fashionable Bands,
No wonder now if time should *linger*:
Allow'd to place his two rude hands
When others dare not lay a finger.

A Humbug.

At a late assize in Ireland, a witness was asked whether on a former occasion he had not given a different account of the transaction? He admitted the fact, but said that he was then *humbugged* in the business.—"*humbugged!*" (replied the counsel impatiently) "I do not understand the phrase."—"I thought," rejoined the witness, "that every person understood it: but to explain it by a familiar instance—If I were to tell the noble Lord on the bench, or the gentlemen who are sworn to try this cause, that you were an *able* council, that would be to *humbug* both Judge and Jury!"

Anecdote.

The first Lord of the Admiralty.

A chaplain of a man of war lately took his text from the 107th psalm, verses 23, 24:—*They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his*

his wonders in the deep. In order to accommodate his discourse to his hearers, he descanted at large on the power of God over the ocean, his bounty to those seamen who engage in his service, and his granting protection to all who address their petitions to him. After he had finished his harangue, he proceeded to catechise a boy, who had been brought up aboard a ship in the profoundest ignorance of every thing, except what related to the nautical profession, and among other questions asked him "What was God?" *Why, Master,* replied the boy with the utmost simplicity, *I suppose as how he is the First Lord of the Admiralty.*

Comical Sign Board

Upon the door of a house occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, is a board expressing as follows:—"Barnes and son, blacksmith and barbers' work done here—horse shoing and shaving, locks mended, and hare curling, bleeding, teeth drawing, and all other furriery work. All sorts of spiratus lickers akording to the late comical trety. Take notis my wife keeps skool and lays fokes as you shall teaches reading and riting and all other langwetches, and has a sist aunts if required to teech horitory, sowing the mathew matics; and all other fashionable diversions.

The Reprobate Painter.

A Painter of great wit, being employed by the capuchins of a convent to paint them an alter-piece, the subject of which was to be the Temptation

tation of Christ in the Wilderness, painted the Devil in the habit of a Capuchin Friar; and when the reverend fathers came in a great rage to demand the reason of this piece of profane insolence, the painter replied, "Wherefore, my good and ghostly fathers, should you be offended? for what better disguise could Satan find to impose upon our Saviour, than the holy habit of Saint Francis; which, as you all know, is the best emblem of innocence and virtue?"

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady, remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without beaking the tenth commandment; Your lordship," replied the gentlemen, "is welcome to break the tenth commandment as often as you please, provided you do not break the seventh."

A gentleman begging Villars, the witty Duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest for him at court; added, that he had nobody to depend on but God and his grace. "Then," said the duke, "your condition is desperate: you could not have named any two beings who have less interest at court."

The Two Negatives.

The late lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted sharper, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend; the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, "By G—d, V——, your grand children will be prodigies." "Why so?" "Because," replied his lordship, "your daughter is a *fool*, and her husband's

band's a *rogue*: and at school I was taught to believe that *two negatives make an affirmative*."

Dignum.

When Dignum made his first appearance at Drury-Lane theatre, he was not so remarkable for his taste in dress, as in singing. The ladies in the green-room were accustomed to rally him on his attire and his person, which is short and lusty: Dignum, who is a worthy good-natured man, took all in good part, until the night he was to play Cimon. Having arrayed himself with much care, he rushed rather proudly into the green-room, and demanded of Charles Bannister, who was to perform Merlin, if he did not look well—"No," replied Charles, "you look more like a *hog* than a *simon*." (*Hog* and *simon* are common names for a shilling and sixpence.)

A Purchase.

A young lady at Kingston, in Jamaica, in purchasing some rabbits of a negro, took them by the hind legs, to smell if they were sweet; which the innocent African considering as an improper trial, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, Missee, that no fair—if buckara man take you, Missee, by the leg so, would you no *smell* too?"

An Epitaph.

T: I: W.

—on—

K: I: won: Tu: B: E: C.

No es T. H. G: V: oh T: I.

T. I.

We: H: S: S: G: Ni: H: T. L. L

Ad.

Nat: Se: Ja: Se: Fil.

FINIS.